

Long live the Mafia

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Summary: Wet bodies were pressed against each other as their lips met again and again, hot steamy kisses getting exchanged while the rain was drumming down on them, their drenched clothes sticking to their bodies. (Hijack Mafia AU. Rating T /slight M)

Long live the Mafia

Wet bodies were pressed against each other as their lips met again and again, hot steamy kisses getting exchanged while the rain was drumming down on them, their drenched clothes sticking to their bodies.

Hiccup was standing on his tiptoes, trying to get more of his bodyguard's lips, his fast and shallow breath ghosting over the taller male's lips when they parted to catch their breath.
>Just when Hiccup reached out to get another kiss Jack cupped his cheeks, holding him in place just to bring their foreheads together.<p>

"Let's get you inside firstâ€¦!" Jack panted against his lips, his voice raising when another roll of thunder echoed through the flooded streets. Hiccup wanted to ignore Jack's words, but Jack knew him too well by now. The bodyguard let go of his protÃ©gÃ©'s cheeks and wrapped his arm around Hiccup instead, shoving a little aside as his unoccupied hand reached out for the doorhandle of the limousine Hiccup had been pressed against just a few seconds ago.

Jack pulled the door open for Hiccup and shoved the boy into the car before he could even protest. Hiccup almost fell onto the wide and comfortable back seat, quickly adjusting himself. He couldn't just simply wait until Jack climbed into the limousine. So he reached out and downright tugged Jack into the car on his tie, barely allowing him to shut the door behind him.

>The mafia don's son didn't even hear his driver clearing his throat, neither did he register the tinted window raising just to cut the driver off from whatever would happen there in the back.<p>

Jack on the other hand had noticed, barely believing that Hiccup was so much in heat that he could simply forget about the driver's presence. But this was just how the younger male could be at times: rather passionate. Jack felt how the vehicle started to move slowly, but he couldn't pay attention to it for long, the grip on his tie tightening. So the bodyguard decided to not care about the driver in the front and concentrated back on the needy boy who was halfway lying on the wide back seat.

As soon as Jack turned his head Hiccup immediately took the opportunity to pull Jack down to him, lips meeting again and Hiccup let go of Jack's tie, instead burying his fingers in the wet hair. Jack on the other hand got a hold of Hiccup's hips, bringing him fully onto the back seat without breaking the kiss, his tongue licking over Hiccup's lips to ask him for his permission to let his tongue slide into his mouth. The older of the two didn't have to wait long, Hiccup's lips immediately opening up for Jack, tongues immediately exploring each other's mouth's like several times before.

When Jack first started to work for Stoick he would have never imagined that his job would be to babysit the Mafia don's son, this little Hiccup. Also he would have never expected that he'd fall so hard for this boy. But well, life always had its surprises for Jack and he had to admit that he especially liked this one.

Also he'd like what he'd reveal after stripping those wet clothes off the boy's body, he was sure of that.

But again Hiccup seemed to be one step ahead of him, trying to get rid of the jacket of Jack's suit, shoving it off his shoulders and Jack had to do the rest to remove it. Even the clothes beneath were soaked, the white fabric of Jack's shirt stuck to his skin. Hiccup surely couldn't complain, admiring the muscles beneath when Jack broke the kiss.

Now the older male was the one taking off Hiccup's shirt, not having to bother about something like a jacket since Hiccup hadn't bothered to wear one. (Something Jack had to scold him for later. If he'd get sick his father would make him responsible for it after all!)

>Jack bent down, his weight now on his knees since he was towering over his protégé, undoing button after button.<p>

Hiccup, feeling how his heart was about to burst into tiny pieces out of excitement, had to keep his hands occupied too, his hands running through Jack's wet strands of hair, down to his neck, pulling him further down to kiss him again.

But Jack had other plans. Rather than sealing Hiccup's lips with his own he avoided the them, placing the kisses on Hiccup's jawline instead, plating kiss after kiss on the delicate features until he reached his neck. Teeth gently brushed over tender flesh, pale fingers trailing down an exposed chest just to rest on prominent hips. A suppressed groan emitted from the back of Hiccup's throat and Jack felt his fingernails digging into his back. He grinned, deciding to suck a little harder on the spot while his hands left the other's hipbones again, now exploring the teen's body. His hands wandered up his sides, fingers running over his ribs until they got to Hiccup's chest, thumbs brushing over his nipples which elicited another gasp

from the boy below.

Said boy's hands were roaming up and down Jack's back, clinging to the soaked fabric of his shirt until they rested on his lower back, pulling the shirt out of Jack's suit trousers, slipping them under the fabric to gently scratch over the skin which appeared to be hot compared to the cold and wet shirt he was wearing above.

The bodyguard shivered under the touch, finally letting go of the freckled neck just to kiss his way further down to Hiccup's collarbone first, then down to his nipples where his hands had been teasing the soft skin just a few seconds ago.

He was so eager to hear more of Hiccup's sweet sounds that he was taken by surprise by the younger male's sudden actions. Without him noticing Hiccup's hands had wandered lower, down to his bum, resting there motionlessly. But when Hiccup noticed Jack's surprised a grin formed on the boy's lips, squeezing his bodyguard's ass.

Jack almost jumped, finally lifting his head up to look Hiccup in the eyes, eyebrows raised. Hiccup raised an eyebrow at Jack. "Would you finally stop the teasing and get to the point?" he asked out of breath, again squeezing the firm butt, almost massaging it as his fingers digged into the flesh. Now it was Jack's turn to gasp, followed by a low chuckle. "Are you always that impatient?" he breathed against Hiccup's lips, not giving him the chance to answer as his hand wandered further down to Hiccup's belt and unbuckled it.

Hiccup exhaled shakily, again a wave of lust and excitement rushing through him. His hands let go of Jack's buttocks, running back up to hold on to Jack's shoulders, preparing for what would follow in a matter of seconds.

Just when Jack's fingers slipped under the rim of his pants the car suddenly came to a halt. Even though it hadn't been a rough braking neither Hiccup nor Jack were prepared for it, Jack immediately rolling off of Hiccup and landing on the wet ground with a painful groan. The mafia don's son had been lucky on the other hand, still lying on the seat where Jack had pinned him down earlier. Quickly Hiccup sat up and looked down to Jack, placing a hand on his shoulder in a worried manner. "Jack, are you alright?"

A nod and another groan was his answer as Jack tried to sit up. Hiccup was about to help him when the door to the cabin in the back, his driver again clearing his throat. The man held his gaze fixed on a point in the distance. "As much as I hate to interrupt, we are at our destination." he said in a monotone voice.

Flustered Hiccup quickly tried to cover his chest, feeling how the blood rushed into his face, muttering weird and stupid excuses under his breath while he buttoned his shirt. Jack himself was a little bewildered too, trying to find his jacket while trying to regain his composure. After finding the black jacket of his suit he slipped into the wet piece of clothing and got out of the car, clearing his throat as he helped Hiccup out of the car.

Both of them didn't dare to look at the driver, nor could they look at each other, eyes fixed on the ground as rain drummed down on them again. Jack cursed himself for not bringing an umbrella, but they

would be back inside soon. Jack uttered a quick "Thank you" to the driver as he placed a hand on Hiccup's back, shoving him towards the entrance. He could hear how the driver grumbled and slammed the door of the limousine shut.

"God knows how much I hate this job!" he heard the driver mutter angrily, as walked around the car and got back inside to park it. Jack couldn't help but grin at that even when feeling still a little embarrassed.

Because no matter how you looked at it—damn, Jack loved his job.

End
file.